

1500/39  
Modern Patriotism,

A

P O E M.

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*Nunquamne Reponam?* Juv.  
*Et Sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe Jocosus.* Hor.

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L O N D O N :

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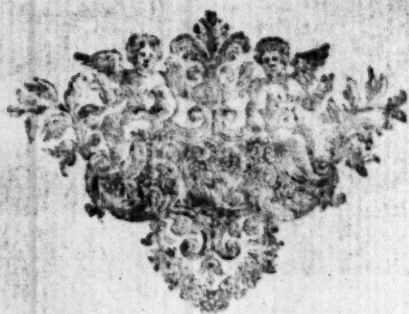
Modern Britain



A

MEMOR

The Sonnets of us of modo with Jaco. Jaco. Hor.  
 —————  
 Unpublished Repertory: Juv.



(Price One Shilling and Six-pence.)





# Modern Patriotism,

When the whole tuneful Tribe at Distance stand;  
Who's boasted Love for P<sup>atriot</sup>ity is such  
Each private Vice with hardy Pens they touch.  
P O E M.  
Boldly, by Name, bid single Sinners stand;



ONE waiting, when some Poet's manly Page  
Should lash the desperate Folly of the Age;  
Impatient of delay, I snatch the Pen,  
To scourge the wicked ways of guilty Men;  
From their false Virtue pull the painted Case,  
And hold a Mirror to its real Face.

The *seeming* Patriot show ! our worst of Foes !  
 Who makes, and mourns, at once, his Country's Woes.  
 That Crocodile ! to *Egypt's* Streams unknown,  
 Who's worshipp'd \* on the Banks of *Thames* alone !

A daring Task ! for an unequal Hand ;  
 When the whole tuneful Tribe at Distance stand ;  
 Who's boasted Love for Probity is such  
 Each private Vice with hardy Pens they touch.  
 Unlock Mens Cabinets, to mend their Lives ;  
 Or stab their Quiet, to reform their Wives.  
 Boldly, by Name, bid single Sinners stand,  
 And fight the Cause of Virtue Hand to Hand.  
 Or o'er departed Crimes long Lectures read,  
 And visit Charnels to correct the Dead.  
 With piercing Eyes each hidden Foible find,  
 Safe, in the secret Malice of Mankind.  
 Where,

\* The antient *Egyptians* worshipp'd the Crocodile.



Where, the whole Ground, each conscious guilty Heart,  
Is sure to take the pointed Sarsaparilla part;  
And leaves the dangerous Vice shown,  
Well pleas'd to see another's Vices shown,

Which may, or hide, or palliate their own, but while

But if a common Frenzy seize the Ground,  
And epidemic Folly rages loud;  
Tho', for a publick Theme, the Folly, fit,  
Were the just Object of their keenest Wit,  
Yet, meanly fond of popular Applause,  
The timorous Band forsake the honest Cause;  
Like fearful Hunters, when the Hunt's still Bay,  
Quitting the dangerous Chace, and deserting Prey,  
Silent they sit, amid the raging Throng,  
Or join the general Frenzy with a Song.  
In times inur'd to Cæsar's vile Tongue;

No learn'd Physicians dare slight Disease,  
By D'awers, and safely pocket Fees;  
Pen frequent Bills, and safely pocket Fees;  
Yet, while the Plague in purple Pomp appear,  
Extending far and wide its fatal Wane,  
To the rude Manner fatal Wane

Trembling at the Hiring stands, the  
And leaves the dangerous Care to meaner Hands  
Well pleas'd to see another's Vices shown

But while, alone, I print unpolish'd Rhymes,  
Against the reigning Folly of the Times,  
What Art, or Nature, to the Muse deny  
An honest Indignation shall supply;  
Tho' rough the Verse, the Sentiments shall show  
That from an open English Heart they flow  
Which would not proudly slight the Publick Voice,  
Nor meanly shun the Earth for fear of Noise  
If to Severely the Sense incline  
Such the Disease demands; such, the Design;  
Harsh it may seem, but harsh must be the Song,  
In times inur'd to Catilin's vile Tongue;

No gentle Sounds would pierce your callous Ears,  
By D'Amvers's Noise made Deaf, like Bombardiers  
Yet, while, like Homer's Song, it suits my Page  
To the rude Manners of a railing Age



I will observe some decent Measures still,  
 With private Malice point no poison'd Quill;  
 The Cause it self is black enough to yield,  
 For all my Stock of Wrath, a publick Field.

O Britain ! happy should thy Natives know,  
 The Source whence real Happiness must flow:  
 Whose well-poised Kingdom, like its Climate bless'd,  
 'Twixt the Extremes of Government is plac'd;  
 Where temper'd Laws, nor bid the People sweat  
 Beneath Unbounded Sway, nor malignant Heat;  
 Nor leave the State a lifeless Frozen Mass,  
 Robb'd of the Monarch's all-entwining Rays;  
 But Liberty and Power, in mingl'd Streams,  
 Flow like thy *Medway* mixt with silver *Thames*,  
 Like those, combin'd, bid Royal Navys float,  
 Each Merchant-wharf, and ev'ry Fisher's Boat  
 Wou'd, to this matchless Composition true,  
 Thy People keep its golden Mean in View:

Belov'd by Heaven, and Men, The Happy Isle do I live I  
 The general End of the Earth, might I live I  
 But if thy ~~eking~~ Sons, with ~~Ballion~~ Band, The Cause  
 Wou'd in Extremes a treach'rous Safety find, For all my  
 If, soon as sav'd from arbitrary Sway,  
 To ~~Anarchy~~ they urge their desperate Way: O Britain  
 And, push'd by thoughtless Rage, with common Vaguest  
 Slight the ~~just~~ Prince to trust the ~~Demagogue~~ Whole  
 Thy Maladies that Miracles shall ease the Extremes  
 Whose Doctors are themselves a dire Dis-ease  
 Bold Patriot-Quacks! Distemp'ring every Part, U  
 Weaken thy Head, and swell thy raging Heart;  
 Mixing slow Venom with thy daily Food,  
 Till Disaffection fires thy feverish Blood  
 Then to thy Foes betray thy spreading Ills  
 And ply thee every Week, with ~~Caleb's~~ Pills.  
 YEE Sons of Faction, 'tis to you I write, Each Merchant  
 Who in the Libel's hideous Taste delight, to the  
 High People keep its golden Mean in View:



High-flavour'd *Treason*, hot from *St. J—'s* Tongue,  
 Like Viper-Broth, to make your Malice strong;  
 Who love *Sedition* dress'd the modern Way,  
 And feast on *Patriot-poisons* every Day.  
 My Muse as mercenary you'l regard,  
 And say a *Place* or *Pension's* her Reward;  
 Call me *Court-Tool*, who scribble but for Pay;  
 A Slave, that wou'd my *Country's Rights* betray;  
 Where, as meer Malice must your Proof supply,  
 A just Retortion shall be my Reply.

The Understrappers of the *Grey's-Inn* Squire  
 Write, 'tis avow'd, but for your common Hire:  
 "Aye, but his Chiefs, from every Bias free,"  
 "Hope no Reward"—Except the *Treasury*!  
 "A small Return for Men of such Address,"  
 Small, 'tis allow'd—for so much *Wickedness*!

But once again; am I the *Slave* you say,  
 If, to my *Prince*, due deference I pay?  
 With Caution hear, flow to believe him wrong,  
 The Slanders broach'd by ev'ry *angry* Tongue?

Or if, where Fraud and Malice join'd I view,  
To blast the *Prince*, and gull the *People* too,  
My free-born Pen lays bare the base Designs,  
By native Thoughts, urg'd in unprompted Lines;  
*Senates* my Guides, and well weigh'd *Laws* my Rule,  
Am I, thus acting, such a *servile Tool*?

And is your *Scurra's* Genius free and great?  
While he rakes *Dunghills* to bedaub the *State*;  
Like *Scavengers*, for Dirt, his Patrons dreins,  
And sells it out, as Soil, for barren Brains:  
Runs a wild Muck at ev'ry honour'd Name,  
Whole *Governments*, themselves, his destin'd Game;  
Nor, shameless, spares even the *Anointed Head*,  
Vain of the Filth by which he's *Cloath'd* and *Fed*.

So Robes of Civil Life the *Cafre* \* scorns,  
While the same Garbage feeds him that adorns;  
Hunts his rank Meals, from *social* Ties set free,  
And calls his brutal Manners, *Liberty*.

When

\* Inhabitants of the *Cape of Good Hope*, commonly call'd *Horrentors*!



When the *suspected Felon* shows his Head,  
The *Bench* must ponder; and the *Bar* may plead;  
Each *Law*, be sifted; every *Reason*, urg'd;  
And *Juries*, patient, hear known *Villains* purg'd;  
But if a scurril Tongue your *King* accuse,  
Keen to condemn, you all *Defence* refuse;  
Allow no *Counsel* in his hated Cause;  
And treat your *Princes* worse than *Traitors* by the Laws.

*Britons*, for shame! return to Sense again!  
Resume your selves; and think and act like Men;  
Since known Disturbers open publick Schools,  
And teach the Arts of *Discontent* by Rules;  
Not your *KINGS* only, your own Cause you try;  
If 'tis not done with an impartial Eye;  
If with unbiass'd Thought you will not read,  
*Traitors* may play the *Saint* in Masquerade;  
*Tartuffs* shall talk the publick Peace away,  
While *seeming Patriots* write for foreign Pay.

So *Liberty*, itself, shall form your *Chains* ;  
 And *Health*, with pining *Sickness* fill your *Veins* ;  
 Your means of *Safety* shall your *Ruin* be ;  
 And *Freedom*, load the Land with *Slavery* ;  
 Your greatest Blessings shall your *Curse* become ;  
 And your own *Mouths* pronounce the fatal *Doom* .

I MAKE no idle, no unweigh'd Surmise !  
 View but the publick Scene with heedful Eyes ;  
 The *Men*, their *Maxims*, and their *Manner* & trace,  
 And set a careful Watch on all their *Ways* :  
 So like a Truth, at least, the Doubt will seem,  
 You'll wish to wake, and find it but a Dream.  
 Nor slight the *small* Beginnings whence I show  
 Th' increasing *Tempest* may, with *Danger*, blow ;  
 Light Drops, at first, the rushing Torrent form ;  
 And gentle Breezes gather to a Storm :  
 Even *despicable* Causes, often, lend  
 No little Aids to some prodigious End ;



Meer *Insects* can the tallest Ships pull down;  
 And *Rubbish*, kindl'd, burn the biggest Town;  
 'Tis from *such* Sources, where *like* Help combines,  
 These Engineers pursue their *dark* Designs.

See *D'anvers*, first, who leads the brawling Band,  
 Take, like a *Montebank*, his publick Stand;  
 His weekly *Packets* to the Throng commend;  
 Swearing, he sells 'em for no private End.  
 The *Velvet-Doctor* now, with fawning Face;  
 And now *Jack-Pudding*, with his broad Grimace  
 Here, courts the *lowest* Croud in Fustian Phrase;  
 Pockets their Pence, and snuffs their sordid Praise;  
 To every Pedlar *Politicks* retails;  
 And *Treaties* weighs, like Cheese, in *Chandler's* Scales;  
 Or hacks the mangl'd *Laws* with *Butcher's* Knives;  
 And scolds in coarser Language than their Wives;  
 Then, in a higher Tone the Subject takes,  
 When to his Masters, on th' *Exchange*, he speaks;

As Patterns just of English Liberty:  
 Bemoans

Bemoans their Losses; their Importance vaunts;  
 And much of Trade, and Manufactures cants;  
 But, in so gross a Sort he treats the Theme,  
 'Tis plainly seen he'd *manufacture* them:  
 Tells 'em of hidden Rocks, and secret Shoals,  
 And says, their present *Pilots* are but *Fools*;  
 Vowing, the *Ship of State* thou'd never split,  
 If to *his* Hand the Rudder they'd commit;  
 But, spight of his Pretences, 'tis not dark,  
 Thro' what *safe* Courses he'd conduct the *Bark*.

For *Oldcastle*, his Fellow Steersman, tells  
 The Secret he, more cautiously, conceals:  
 Who, making Malice with the *false Discreet*  
 Ranfacks our History, like *Monmouth-street*,  
 For *cast* *Rebellions*, which the botching Sage  
 New *vamps* and turns, to fit the *present* Age,  
 Each *Tyrant's* Coat draws o'er a *modern* Reign,  
 And blots it deep with many an *ancient* Stain;  
 Then all *Rebels* we recommended see  
 As *Patterns* just of *English* Liberty:

Each



Each *Traitor's* antiquated Shape he tries,  
 And pens a *Rebels* Praise in each Disguise;  
 Mix'd with broad Hints to shew his *own* Desire,  
 And points and shrugs like the fat *Spanish Friar*\*,  
 Whose speaking Gestures make it plainly known,  
 That what the *Coward* fears to do, the *Villain* wishes done.

So the *Arch-priest*, when he wou'd Treason grace,  
 Or give black Murder a religious Face,  
 Sets up the destin'd *Sacrifice* to view,  
 In a vile *Hereticks* detested hue;  
 Then drawing from his consecrated Store,  
 The *Knife*, some former holy *Cut-Throat* wore,  
 Gives it a Wretch fir'd with like Love of Fame,  
 And canonizes the mad *Biggot's* Name.

To all, whose Pens can *guarded* Treason speak,  
 This *Printing-pulpit's* open once a Week,  
 Where, like a Stroler's Stage, you may put on,  
 All Shapes, but that of *Modesty* alone;

Behind

\* Father DOMINIC, in the *Double Discovery*, makes Signs to Colonel Hernandez to stab Gomez.

Behind the Scene the chief Directors sit,  
 To form the Puppets, and correct their Wit:  
 In various Shapes, like *Face* and *Subtle*, they,  
 To publick Wisdom tell the only Way;  
 Of *Politicks*, the sole *Arcana*, vent,  
 And *Grand-Elixir* boast, of Government;  
 Teach all our *Angry-Boys* to snarl aloud,  
 And gull each *Abel-Drugger* of the Croud;  
 Time after Time they promise 'em *Projection*;  
 Now the blest Moment is!— the *next Election*!  
*Lungs* plies the Press! *loud Mutiny's* the Word!  
 And each dup'd *Mammon* looks to be a Lord.  
 When, shou'd they win the Goal, to which they hast,  
 Dear bought Experience of their Madness past,  
 Wou'd be their Gains, instead of growing rich,  
 The Fool's Receipt, to cure their *Patriot-Itch*.

Next follows *Fog*, but, with intrepid Brows,  
 He scarce the black Intention disavows.

Broad



Broad o'er each Page the strong Infection's seen  
 Like Rabbits, gorged till they are green,  
 But that's the true *Fumet*; the Writer knows,  
 No Carrion will disgust his hardy Crows,  
 Round the *rank* Banquet publicly they croak,  
 And, in *Rebellion* bold, disdain a Cloak.  
 A fit Successor, he, for *Caleb's* Tongue,  
 Hot, from whole Forge, he takes the angry Throng;  
 The former Points with stronger Strokes repeats,  
 To mould the Metal which the other heats.  
 (The *Jacobite* reveal'd with hide-long Face,  
 And stamp his Master's Image on the Mass.  
 The *Ballad-singer*, and the *Cut-Purse*, so,  
 In different Walks, each others Business do  
 Like *Sweet'ners* join'd the common Cause they ply,  
 Fog acts the rough, while *Caleb* plays the fly.  
 They mean the same, tho' differently they speak,  
 And seeming Opposites, one Point they seek.  
 Your Oars and *Steersman* so, sit Face to Face,  
 Tho' both design the Boat for the same common Place.

Broad o'er each Page the strong Infection's seen  
 With these, a various minor Croud appears;  
 Of heavy *Regulars* or *Volunteers*;  
 Who muster'd, on occasion, rise in *Swarms*;  
 Just like a raw *Militia* call'd to *Arms*;  
 And, in loose Lines of ill connected Words,  
 Handle their Pens as th'others do their Swords;  
 With Dirt, like them, those fancy'd Castles make,  
 Which, like 'em too, as justly they attack.  
 Deep *Politicians*, whose extensive Thought  
 Shows only how a *Dinner* may be bought;  
 Substantial *Reasons*, supple as a Glove;  
 And cogent *Arguments*, that nothing prove;  
 Strong *Proofs*, to shew the Writer's Head was weak;  
 And *Speeches*, that declare he cou'd not speak;  
 Clear *Explanations*, which none understand;  
 And just *Replies*, that quit the Point in hand;  
 Modest *Reflections*, full of Impudence,  
 And full *Convictions*, void of common Sense.



A *jeering* Tribe, whose everlasting Clamors  
 Make as much noise as if they wrote with Hammers;  
*Trunk-Makers* to the Publick, who by Trade,  
 Live, with *waste* Paper, every empty Head.

Last march the *Poetasters*, bent to heal,  
 With *Drugs* of Rhyme, the sickly Common-Weal;  
 Who, on lame Lines, wou'd prop the sinking Laws;  
 And tune the State to *Ballad Operas*;  
 A buzzing Brood of half-begotten Things;  
 Honeyless *Bees*, and *Wasps*, that have no Stings;  
*Sounds*, without Sense; and *Verses*, without Feet,  
*Songs*, without Musick; *Satyrs*, without Wit:  
 Dunces who, at Court-Dunces, dully rail  
 In Lines as edgless as a Talker's Mail;  
 Mere *Sign-Post* Dawbers, who pretend to draw  
 Pictures of those they never heard or saw:  
 By whom, like *Newgate-Evidence*, are shown  
 The *Faults* of Men, whose *Faces* are unknown;

Whose Works out-live not the short Meal they bought,  
 And, bury'd with it, fill one common Vault.  
 So Mushrooms, that by Night arise from Dung,  
 Rot with the Filth, next Day, from whence they sprung.  
*Scriblers*, whose Pens, like *Geese* on which they grew,  
 Each other, cackling, in a String pursue;  
 Who, in long, thoughtless Trains, led Leaders follow;  
 Nor can be call'd even *By-blows* of *Apollo*;  
 But farther off, their spurious Dulness vent,  
*Bastards* of *Bastards*, to the tenth Descent.  
*Catilin* gives the Hint; *Caleb* pursues;  
*Fog*, at third Hand, the cooling *Joke* reviews;  
 A *Ballad* next, from *Crabro's* Pen it falls;  
 Which, o'er three lifeless Columns, hardly crawls;  
 Bloated and old, a *Satyr* then it chimes,  
 Thro' four cold *Sheets* of tasteless, toothless Rhymes;  
 Till, like a *Snowball* roll'd, the torpid Jest  
 Fills, in a *Fame*, five frozen Acts, at least;  
 Perhaps, to its first Principles resolv'd,  
 'Tis turn'd, by *Gin*, and thawing *Ale* dissolv'd,



Thro' Satyrs, Songs, and Verse of humble Strain,  
Back to a pointless Epigram again.

These thread-bare Bands, of greasy Poet *Grassus*,  
The *Marrow-Bones* and *Cleavers* of *Parnassus*!  
*Butchers* of Verse! the rude Procession close;  
A fit rough *Musick* for their Mobb in *Prose*.

A PEST, compounded of ten thousand Forms,  
These scatter'd *Libels* rise, in daily Swarms;  
Like Insects marching, fly, or creep, or crawl,  
Of each Degree, *bad*, *worse*, or *worst* of all;  
Not One, so mean, but helps the common Cry,  
The *Hawkers* bellow, and the *Bubbles* buy;  
In various Ways extend to every Sort;  
Reach *Town*, and *Country*; *Citizen*, and *Court*;  
Spread the well calculated Mischief round,  
Confirm the *Sickly*, and infect the *Sound*.

Now, roar *Corruption*, thro' the Streets aloud;  
Till the repeated Noise corrupts the Croud;

As they are told our present Rulers do;  
Places

*Places* so swell'd, and *Persons* multiply'd,  
 That other Views in ev'ry Breast subside;  
 The common Business of Mankind forgot,  
 Each Head is turn'd to share the happy Lot;  
 The *Tradesman* quits his Shop, his Sheep, the *Hind*;  
 In hopes, at Court, the Golden-Fleece to find;  
 Where, for each Boon, the Ministers, or Crown,  
 Make but *one* Friend at most, or hardly One:  
 While *Ten* Pretenders, in th' expecting Throngs,  
 With keen Resentment arm their *angry* Tongues:  
*New* Patrons seek, nor are they far away,  
 Of various Sorts they offer every Day;  
 Who visit *Court* sometimes, or never go,  
 The disappointed Friend, or deadly Foe;  
 From *these* they chuse, harling their Man with Noise;  
 (Who calls their Flattery, the Nation's Voice)  
 And with Impatience wait the happy Hour  
 Shall lift their *Patriot* to a *Courtier's* Power;  
 Who, with like lavish Hand, may Wealth bestow,  
 As they are *told* our present Rulers do;

Till



Till that bless'd Time arrives, all Things go wrong;  
 Our Counsels, ~~weak~~, our Enemies are strong;  
 The Publick's pillag'd, Liberty's oppress'd,  
 And the whole Government, a standing Jest.

For such as scape *this* Bait, they change their Notes,  
 And to the publick Measures tune their Throats;  
 On *Standing Armies*, with keen Malice, gloze,  
 Till each Brigade breeds *twice* as many Foes;  
 From ev'ry *Million*, which the Publick pays,  
 A Band of *Malecontents* the Railers raise;  
 With ev'ry *Tax* make War upon the Crown,  
 And arm its proper *Guards* to pull it down;  
 Or turn well weigh'd, and wise *Alliances*  
 Into large Troops of *home-bred* Enemies:  
 Thus, in false Lights, each proper Action plac'd,  
 With its *own* Strength, the weaken'd *State* they blast.

I know you'll say, the Politicks are bad,  
 If from the *publick* Stores their Arms are had;  
 But our *good* Patriots know that *thence* alone,  
 They can fetch Force to shake the *British Throne*.

These,

These, when disguis'd with forty foreign Names,  
 They shew as *French* Dragoons, or *Turkish* Chans;  
 Till thro' the palid Isle the Panic runs;  
 And their own Power affrights her trembling Sons;  
 Ready to lay their only Safeguards by,  
 Or seek their Refuge in an Enemy.  
 So their own Walls the *Trojans* tumbl'd down,  
 When crafty *Sinon* said the *Greeks* were gone.  
 So YIELDS the Town to which some *Traitor* shows  
 Approaching *Aids* as a fresh Force of *Foes*.

THESE are the *Sources* whence your *Patriots* rise,  
 And such the *Schools* which make their *Clients* wise;  
 Hence rear'd, or hence instructed, wide they range,  
 And mutter Discontent, and look for Change;  
 Each rank of Life the gross Infection shares,  
 And *High*, and *Low*, run mad with publick Cares.

Drunk from the Gin-shop, *Jobson* beats his Wife,  
 " *Jobson*," says *Nell*, "or change thy wicked Life,"

Or



“ Or we shall starve !--- My wicked Life !” says he,  
 “ Let the *King* change the wicked Ministry. “  
 “ They ruin all ! Zoons ! I’ve not earn’d my Bread “  
 “ Since that curs’d *Fleet* lay idle at *Spit-head*. “  
 “ --- *Fleet* ! and *Spit-head* ! See there nine Shoes to soal, “  
 “ Your Children naked !--- *Trapes* ! go fill the Bowl, “  
 “ *Brimston* will trust,--- You owe five Quarters Rent, “  
 “ --- Huzza ! you Bi--h ! an *Annual Parliament* “  
 “ Will clear all Scores ! I’ll to the *Lobby* streight, “  
 “ *Caleb* and I were born to mend the *State* ! “

As *Short-Hose* conn’d a Mail, spelling each Name,  
 To his neglected Shop the *Statute* came,  
 The *Messenger* demands, “ when he’l resign ?”  
 Cries *Short-Hose*,-- “ See ! the *French* have pass’d the *Rhine* !  
 “ ’Tis glorious News ! If *Kouli-Kan* were beat, “  
 “ The *Turk* might save poor sinking *England* yet ! “  
 “ -- Sir, what’s your Answer ?-- Oh ! for such a Stroke ! “  
 “ The *Russian* and the *German* Measures broke ! “

D. “ Wou’d !

“ Wcu’d prove it plainly, to Sir R---t’s cost,”

“ That by his bungling *Italy* was lost !”

*Mungo*, with twice five thousand Pound a Year,  
His, wretched, *private Fortune* cannot bear ;  
Wants a *White-staff*, and that imbitters Life,  
Nor tastes a *Palace*, nor a lovely *Wife* ;  
Of Tavern-draught swallows a nightly Flood,  
’Midst Smoak, and Toasted-Cheese, for Common-good ;  
There ’lays the pregnant *Plans*, design’d to free  
*Great-Britain* from the Yoke of --- *Liberty* ;  
The labour’d *Schemes* that must her Health restore ;  
By vesting *proper Hands* with *proper Power* ;  
Then hopes her spreading Glories will be great ;  
To wit, he hopes, that *He* shall rule the *State* ;  
For his *Advancement*, and his Country’s *Fame*,  
In *Mungo’s* Patriot-Language, mean the same.

While *Catilin*, with keener Malice fraught,  
Whom *Clemency* no *Gratitude* has taught,  
Demands the News, but dreads the dire Reply,  
“ The *Peace* is sign’d, the *Publick-stocks* are high” ;

And



And muttering raves, "When will *good Times* appear!"  
 "A *healthy* Land-Tax! or a *wholsom* War!"  
 "Will neither *Plague* nor *Famine* waste the Land!"  
 "That *W-----le*, as the Cause, may bear the Brand!"  
 "In quiet shall his cursed Soul depart!"  
 "Nor *Ax* assail his Head! nor *Dagger* reach his Heart!"  
 "Forbid it Fate!" Then, snatching up the Pen,  
 Scribbles, and shifts his Shape, and to't again;  
 Rips up each *Treaty*; tilts at all our *Leagues*;  
 Proves *War* a Blessing; *Peace* the worst of Plagues;  
 Now, for this Nation, now, for That he writes;  
 Changes his Sides, and like *Draw-<sup>card</sup>~~card~~* fights.  
 A learned *Statesman* now, and now, *John Trot*;  
*Oldcastle* then, and then, the Lord knows what.  
 Wou'd fain be hid, but shifting will not do't,  
 No Shape he wears conceals the *Cloven-Foot*:  
 And, with the Disappointment desperate grown,  
 Resolves his *proper Visage* shall be shown;  
 But knows his *Colour*, and to set Things right,  
 Wisely attempts to wash the *Black-Moor* white;

Mingles his *oily* Words with *Salt* of Wit,  
 Nor spares of plenteous Spight the *coardest* Gritt;  
 And, in fit Style, compos'd like *Soap* and *Sand*,  
 Plies his *Complection* with a busy Hand;  
 But, having scrub'd thro' three whole Sheets with Pain,  
 Hangs out, at last, the Sign o'th' *Labour in vain*:  
 For even Boys and Barbers find the Joke,  
 And will, beneath the nameless Piece, write — *wicked* \*\*\*

My Characters intend no single Man,  
 Like *Highland Chiefs*, each stands to serve a *Clan*;  
*Jobson*, *Short-hose*, and *Mungo*, represent  
 Numbers, in their without-doors Parli'ment;  
 Even *Catilin* might serve, but Rules forbid,  
 A *Jacobite* must in their House be hid,  
 For Treachery must help, and so the *Elves*,  
 E'en take the *Oaths* to represent *themselves*,  
 And, with the *rest* combining, one and all,  
 Their blended Tribes the *Country-party* call;  
 As such, make open War upon the *State*;  
 Weaken the *Crown*, to make the *Nation* great;

Call



Call *Riots*, Freedom; Laws, *Unjust* Restraint;  
 And, to remove *all* Causes of Complaint,  
 Resolve, *themselves*, to take the Government.

AND lo! at hand, the happy Moments smile,  
 When a *new* Choice must *save* the sinking Isle  
 High in their Hopes the *Patriot-troop* appears,  
 And boast, the Nations *general* Voice is theirs;  
 But dare they by that Voice *unbrib'd* abide?  
 With all the Odds of *Slander* on their Side!  
 No! Even the endless Sums of *Libels* sown,  
 To make the discontented Croud their own;  
 (Of twice five *fertile* Years the plenteous Crop,)  
 Seem *not* sufficient to support their Hope,  
 (Those tardy *Poisons*, for their Haste, too slow :)  
 To other Helps, of every Sort, they go.  
 From their *Cabals*, by secret Summons sent,  
 The Tradesman's *Custom*, and the Tenant's *Rent*,  
 The Debtor's *Bond*, and *Fear* of broken Laws,  
 Must all solicit their *unpurchas'd* Cause.

To

To aid their Aims, both Heaven, and Hell they ply;  
 Beg of the *Saint*, and of the *Sinner* buy;  
 Open their *Pockets*, and their *Cellar* Doors,  
 And forth at once a double Torrent pours!  
 Till, with *Debauch*, the drunken Land they drown,  
 And, in mad Triumph, march from Town to Town;  
 Of Discontent, the chosen *Standards* rear,  
 And *Canvassing* convert to *Civil War*.

Their Forces muster'd, they the Field survey,  
 And promise their victorious Troops the Day.  
 Are confident the *Ministry* must down,  
 And all the Power, of *Church*, and *State's* their own:  
 Then canton out the *Government* in Shares  
 And, like 'Change-Ally Brokers, sell their Bears,  
 Stocks of feign'd Power, which must deliver'd be,  
 When they first open their *new Ministry*;  
 Till, on their Lists, the State is *trebly* full,  
 From the *White-staff*, down to the *Gauger's Rule*;  
 The spreading Rumor runs, and fresh Supplies,  
 To share the promis'd *Spoils*, in Numbers rise;

The



The *Office* held, makes *one* poor Vote at most,  
 While they raise *Ten* from each expected Post;  
 Yet cry, the Power of *Places* is so great,  
 That they must *bribe*, to countervail the Weight:  
 And, desperate in the Cause, they bid so high,  
 Th' *Exchequer*, if it wou'd, cou'd hardly buy;  
 While, to support the *Patriot*-like Design,  
*Slanders*, and *Threats*, and *Bribes*, and *promis'd Places* join,

Ask *Niger*, upright *Niger*! who, with Glee,  
 Vaunted the Law--- "That made Elections free!"

"Why his just Soul, that hates a *Bribe*, should dip"

"Her cleanly Hands in Bribery so deep?"

*Niger* replies --- "The Court's so wicked grown,"

"If honest Men don't serve, we're all undone;"

"Be sure, Sir, I had rather Things were *free*,"

"But the *Main-chance* makes it Necessity!"

---"Sir, now 'tis *Perj'ry* and *Corruption* both!"

"Since still resolv'd to buy, why did you add the *Oath*?"

---"To spread the Clamor, Sir, among the Croud,"

"If we are caught, 'tis all for *Publick-Good*;

“ But, if a *Courtier's* nick'd, each Child can tell”

“ The wicked Monster only *buys* to *sell*.”

“ — Suppose *You* chosen, and a *Change* ensue,”

“ You'd *serve* the Publick?— That's the very View,”

“ — For *nothing*? Sir,— No certainly, what then?”

“ These Folks are *Knaves*, you know, but *we* are *honest* Men.”

Thus they, to keep their native Country *Free*,  
Plunge it in Seas of wild Debauchery :

That Trade may *flourish*, and the Subject *thrive*

In *Drunkeness* and *Riot* bid 'em live ;

That *Bribes* may cease, distribute *Gold* about ;

And *Perjury* spread, to keep *Corruption* out.

Howe'er, on *Them* depends the Nation's *Fate* !

The *People* may be d.....d ! but they must *save* the State !

So *Sharpers*, when some raw young *Squire* they *bite*,  
With ready Reasoning set their Conscience right.

“ The Boy was for a Bubble born,” they cry,

“ Some *Other* wou'd have don't, why shou'd not I ?”

“ To use his Cash, the Simpleton wants Sense,”

“ To *better* Purpose I shall turn his Pence. “

CALL'D



CALL'D to the Nation's *Co\*\*l*, when they come,  
 They turn *St. St\*\*ns Ch\*\*l* to a Drum;  
 Beat up for *Malecontents* with furious Voice,  
 And fill the listening Land with empty Noise,  
 Start ev'ry *Danger*, while they solve no *Doubt*  
 And IN the *S\*\*te* talk to Those *without*;  
 Explore the Nations *Ills* with piercing Eye,  
 But 'tis to *Publish*, not to *Cure*, they prie:  
 Early and late the *publick* Measures watch,  
 Start at each Straw, at every Feather catch;  
 If *Fancy* finds, or *Malice* feigns 'em wrong,  
 The darling Theme is ever on their Tongue.

With mighty Sums the *Publick Debts* they swell,  
 Not to *Remove* the Mass, but to *Reveal*;  
 For the *same* Breath, in which the Charge is made,  
 Wou'd take the *Taxes off*, by which they're paid;  
 Think you they hope that Project should prevail?  
 No, there's their *Strength*, the Theme that cannot fail.  
 Tho' 'tis *impossible* to take 'em off— 'tis *possible* to rail.

On this one Head how long the *labour'd Charge* !  
 The *Bills* that give 'em hardly are so large !  
 The *Tomes* with their collected Totalls full,  
 In fameness, seem less *uniformly* dull.  
 They are *their* Funds, indeed, from which there flows,  
 More Force to *them* than to their envy'd *Foes* ;  
 A double Source of plenteous *Gall* produce,  
 When *levy'd* first, and when *apply'd* to use ;  
 " There, they bewail the *pillag'd* Land, that pays ;"  
 " And rail at the *rapacious* Rogues, that raise ;"  
 " Here, as *Court-Tools* treat all to whom they're *paid*,  
 " While *bribing* Monsters are the *Issuers* made."  
 Take from their *Works*, which ring eternal Chimes,  
 The *Slanders* couch'd in those *four* idle Lines,  
 The *Remnant* wou'd not, like the *Iliad* put,  
 Fill the small Concave of a single Nutt :  
 To much less Compass shrunk, their *ten Years* Wit  
 Might, on the *Out-side* of the Shell, be writ.

Here, *Cinna*, lie the Sinews of thy Cause,  
 Nor in *bad* Measures, nor in *broken* Laws ;

Much



Much Money's *rais'd*, and much is *issu'd* out ;  
 So Courtiers *Pillage* ; and they *Bribe*, no doubt :  
*These* Arguments seduce the list'ning Throng,  
 Prone always to believe their *Rulers* wrong.  
 Drawn out, like *Spiders Webbs*, to such a Length,  
 And *weak* as they, Yet *these* are all thy Strength ;  
 Like *those*, they catch the busy buzzing Flies,  
 Or hang, like Mists and Clouds, before their Eyes ;  
 In vain, with constant Care, the purging Brooms  
 Sweep thy *long* Labours from our *publick* Rooms :  
 Still thou spin'st on, with secret Venom fraught,  
 Thy *weak, insidious, slender* Thread of Thought.  
 " Take off the Taxes !" sighing *Cinna*, cries,  
 And wails the *heavy* Load with wat'ry Eyes  
 " Take *Taxes* off !" the ecchoing Crouds reply,  
 And hail him, for a *Patriot*, to the Sky !

Tho' *Cinna* knows he might as *justly* scold,  
 At Summer's scorching Heat, or Winter's Cold ;  
*Nature* condemn for ev'ry Frost, or Snow,  
 Or blame the Rains that fall, or Winds that blow,

Because his *Gará'ner*, or his *Landress*, find  
 Now an unlucky Shower, and now a blighting Wind ;  
 As the *wrong'd* Government for *Taxes* bait,  
 Those *necessary* Evils of the *State* :  
 Which, like the *Blood* in Human-Body, flow,  
 The Source of *Life*, and of *Diseases* too ;  
 Where Health, and Vigour, only can remain  
 While the *full Tide* supplys the turgid Vein ;  
 Tho', here, and there, it cause a *transient* Pain.  
 But *Cinna*, like a Quack, to ease the Gout,  
 Wou'd, from the Vessels, let the Vitals out ;  
 Or to remove the Anguish of a Corn,  
 Bids, from the Body, the *whole* Foot be torn :  
 The Knife, and Lancet, all his little Skill ;  
 Whose means of *Cureing* are to *Maim*, or *Kill*.  
 So, on Pretence of Friendship, to their Foes,  
*Italian* Pois'ners give the *deadly* Dose.

Ungrateful *Cinna* ! leave the *Taxes* free,  
 'Tis *They*, alone, have made a *Man* of thee ;  
 Were there no *Tax*, thou cou'd'st no *Patriot* be !

Then



Then to *Extreams* with giddy Passion run,  
 Or give us Guards for *Life*, or grant us *none*;  
 While big, o'er *Europe*, hung the Clouds of *War*,  
 Labour'd to leave their *threaten'd* Country *bare*;  
 Fear'd *our own* Forces more than *foreign* Foes;  
 And told, for *ev'ry* Troop, a Troop of *Slaveish* Woes:  
 But, to the *Court*, when some *bold* Chiefs turn Head,  
 Streight, they *carefs* the *dangerous* Rogues in Red;  
 Take 'em, for *worse*, or *better*, like their Wives,  
 Without *Divorce*, our Masters all their *Lives*;  
 Of *Tyrants Tools*, all honest *Patriots* grown,  
 Made to *Themselves* accountable alone,  
 Might *awe* the Senate, and *insult* the Throne;  
 'Till, in their *martial Courts*, they shou'd restore,  
 Of *Wallingford* fam'd House the *sov'reign* Power.

Or, when their *Prince* the *secret* Scheme designs,  
 While pregnant Thought the forming *League* refines;  
 Call for his *Counsels*, labouring to expose  
 Th' *important* Mysterys, to open Foes,

So

So, from the *Cabinet*, abortive, torn,  
 They'd blast the growing *Embriō's* e'er they're born.  
 And desperate, to urge the *Nation's* Fate,  
 Wou'd make her very *S\* \* t's* sap the *State*.

THUS, having seen our *Patriots*, from their Source,  
 In their first *Origin*, or further *Course* ;  
 In *Private*, or in *Publick* Life survey'd ;  
 Or *open* *Fac'd*, or dress'd in *Masquerade* ;  
 If in the *Parts* appears but little *Light*,  
 With *stronger* Shades the *Whole* will strike your Sight.  
 Where, if your Eye, with wide extended Rays,  
 At one sole View, the motley *Groupe* surveys,  
 Tho', to your Thoughts, the strong *Grotesque* may seem  
 Some Poet's *Fiction*, or mad Painter's *Dream* ;  
 Such as nor *Ovid* pen'd, nor *Callot* drew,  
 Yet, in *their* Union, the *Chimera's* true.  
 Where *Opposites*, unite their bickering Bands,  
 And *Contradictions* join their jarring Hands ;

Where,



Where, Champions for *Hereditary Right*,  
 Their Votes, with staunch *Republicans*, unite;  
*Papists*, the *Protestant-Succession* own;  
 And *Levellers* pretend to love the *Throne*;  
 By *Jacobites* the *Revolution's* bless'd;  
 And *tacking Tories*, wou'd repeal the *Test*:  
 While one and all cry *Liberty* aloud,  
 And, to wild *Tumult*, urge the listening Croud;  
 Bid 'em unite, Oppression to oppose;  
 And shew their *Rulers*, as their only *Foes*;  
 Then, vaunting, say, the *Demonstration's strong*!  
 Since 'tis the Vote of each *discordant* Tongue;  
 Gloze on the Theme; cry, *Parties* are forgot!  
 And bid the Nation bless her *happy Lot*!

*Bless* it! for what? Alas! deluded Men!  
 The Wise in *other* Lights survey the Scene.  
 Thy *Clew*, *Dan Pope*, wou'd lead us thro' the *Whole*,  
 And pierce this *Patriot-Hydra's* inmost Soul.  
 The *reigning Passion*, of each Bosom, found,  
 Wou'd this *close* League, of *Contraries* expound,

Plain as thy Lines the wond'rous *Clodio* shew;  
*Clodio*, who was himself a *Patriot* too.  
 The Lust of *Rule*, and keen *ambitious* Spight  
 Have brought this boasted *Prodigy* to light :  
 Hence the whole *Troop* the *present* Power oppose,  
 This the *sole* Point, in which they are not *Foes* ;  
 Each, for *himself* ; all, to pull *Others* down ;  
 Cajole the *Country*, and besiege the *Crown* :  
 With *mutual* Jealousies, tho' *common* Hate,  
 They court the *People*, but to seize the *State* ;  
 That done, at once, resolv'd to grasp the *Sway*,  
 Each Man wou'd urge his *Power* a different *Way* ;  
 Each, with *that* Power, resume his *former* Face ;  
 Whose *only* Union is, their Union in *Disgrace*.

Thus, in some *Rovers* Crew, when *Pyrates* join,  
 From either *Pole*, and from beneath the *Line* ;  
 Moors and Mulattos, Christians, Turks, and Jews,  
 Combin'd to Plunder, quit their *various* Views ;  
 While Hunger, and Necessity compells,  
 A *seeming* Union in their Council dwells ;

Taxing



Taxing all Government with *lawless* Might,  
 Each talks aloud of *Liberty* and *Right* ;  
 But if Success the desperate League attends,  
 At the *Success* the *seeming* Concord Ends,  
 Each claims a *double* Share, with alter'd Note,  
 And holds a Dagger to his Fellows Throat.

But, in *this* League, our *Patriots*, bold, pursue  
 All *desperate* Means to keep their *Point* in View,  
 Call for a *War*, yet wou'd the *Funds* decrease ;  
 Weep for the *Debts*, and yet bewail the *Peace* ;  
 Wou'd, ev'ry way exhaust the *Publick* Store,  
 Make its Revenue *less* ; Expences, *more* ;  
 Wou'd stretch each Nerve, each tortur'd Sinew strain,  
 And bleed the weaken'd *State* at every Vein :  
 Then, with *Demands*, surround the threaten'd *Throne* ;  
 And, for the *People's* Wishes, speak their *own* ;  
 Talk of the *Publick* Voice, with seeming Dread,  
 And urge the *Discontents* themselves have spread ;  
 Mutter their *Threats*, if not indulg'd their *Will* ;  
 The *Crown*, but as *they* please, must *Places* fill ;

The Riot of *Elections*, frequent had,  
 To keep the People *safe*, must keep 'em *Mad*;  
*Taxes*, unlawful; *Tumults*, lawful be;  
 Your *Troops*, disbanded; and your *Mobbs*, set free.  
 Thus, to *Confusion*, wou'd the State *reform*,  
 And wait to *rise*, like *Witches*, in the *Storm*.

Nor bounded *here*, extensively they roam,  
 To fetch, from *far*, imported *Evils* home;  
 While the *sign'd Treaty* waits to be fulfill'd,  
 Or *Foes*, to Terms of Peace consenting, yield:  
 Practice *all* Methods to *defeat* the Plan,  
 And cry, the Land *dislikes* it, to a Man;  
*Number* the People, and proclaim aloud,  
 Their *King* is, by his *Subjects*, disavow'd.  
 Or, while your *Neighbours* martial Counsels form,  
 And *Armaments* foretell the coming *Storm*;  
*Poll* their pretended Party, and declare  
 The *murmuring* Nation ripe for *Civil War*:  
 Make your *Foes* bold, and fill your *Friends* with Fear;  
 And scorn the *private* Post, or *close* Courier;

The



The *open Press* a safer Means supplies,  
 While you *yourselves* maintain the *barefac'd Spies*.  
 Thence, to the World, the dangerous *Tales* betray'd,  
 They court *Descents*, and call for *foreign Aid* :  
 Bid *Enemies* surround on every Side,  
 Or in your Harbours *hostile Navies* ride ;  
 That the *Invader's* Foot may know the Strand,  
 Or *frequent Wars* exhaust the harrafs'd Land.  
 Till *Mischiefs*, multiplying, shall disgrace  
 The *present Powers*, while *They* supply the Place :  
 And, *Viper* like, to bring *themselves* in play,  
 Wou'd, thro' their *Country's* Bowels, gnaw the Way.

*Catilin*, at the Head, conducts the whole,  
 The *rest*, the Limbs and Trunk ; but *he*, the Soul ;  
 In close *Cabals*, pursues his secret *Toils*,  
 To work up *foreign Wars*, or breed *domestick* Broils :  
 To each *Extream*, by turns, the Croud impells,  
 And, dext'rous, follows where the *Tumult* swells.

Delighted, sees the mounting *Vapours* rise,  
 And, with *glad* Hand, the urging *Bellows* plies;  
 To *every* Point, with Pleasure, drives the *Blast*,  
 And hopes, some *lucky Hitt* will take at last;  
 Which rushing, may o'er turn the *ruin'd* State;  
 While *Prince* and *People* share one common Fate:  
 Beholds, in Thought, the *future* Torrents roll,  
 And, with the pleasing *Prospect*, feasts his Soul.

So, when some *Fiend*, by Heaven's PERMISSION free,  
 Drives a wild *Tempest* over Land and Sea;  
 While Forests, Fleets, and Towns, one Wreck infolds;  
 The *General* Ruin he, with *Joy*, beholds;  
 And pleas'd, the mighty *Mischiefs* to perform,  
*Laughs* in the Whirl-wind, and *enjoys* the Storm\*.

These are thy *Patriots*! *Britain*! These the Praise!  
 The Pride! and Wonder of our virtuous Days!

Unhappy

\* The Lines to which these *fix* are a Parody are too well known to let it be suppos'd that the Author design'd a *Copy* should pass for an *Original*.



Unhappy *Land*! If their *Cabal* succeeds!  
 At the *sad* Thought Imagination bleeds!  
 Prophetick *Evils* croud before my Sight!  
 Scene after Scene, till *all* is sunk in Night!  
 Shou'd, to the *Seat of Power*, the Torrent press;  
 What *band* ~~thou~~<sup>thou</sup>'d save *Thee* from the *last Distress*!  
 (If, here and there, by *Youth* or *Fraud* betray'd  
*Well-meaning* Zeal is in the Croud survey'd)  
 In vain the honest *Few*, whom they deceive,  
 The sad Delusion wou'd *too late* believe.  
 Thy *Publick Counsels*, in their Struggles tost!  
 Thy *Regal Power*, and *Common Union* lost!  
 Thy *Senates*, into forty Parties split!  
 Thy *Forces*, broken! and unrigg'd, thy *Fleet*!  
 Thy *foreign* Foes, grown strong! thy *Friends*, deter'd!  
 The wretched *Island*, robb'd of ev'ry guard!  
 Thy *People*, into endless Factions broke!  
 And *Thou*, receiv'st a base Pretenders Yoke!  
 Then, while at *boundless* Sway, the *Tyrant* aims  
 Others shall urge their *Democratick-Dreams*!

Till,

Till, once again, the bleeding Land surveys,  
 Of *Charles*, and *Oliver*, the fatal Days!  
 When, to the *strongest* Arm, the *whole* must yield!  
 Or in another *Newb'ry* Fight! or second *Wor'ster* Field!

Or, scaping *these*, thy fenceless Plains shall mourn,  
 Beneath some *conquering* Neighbours haughty Scorn!  
 Turn'd to a *Province*, own the *Victor's* Sword!  
 And wear the *Fetters* of a *foreign* Lord!

So, when with *Rage*, the wild *Lymphatic* burns,  
 And, desperate, on himself the *Dagger* turns;  
 No other Means his Fury will restrain,  
 But Loss of *Freedom*, and a galling *Chain*;  
 His Keeper's Stripes, hard Fare, and darken'd Den;  
 Till the starv'd *Wretch* return to *Sense* again!

UT, least my *Lines*, like those *Harangues* I blame,  
 Should seem a *Libel* on my Country's Fame,  
 This Prospect chang'd, as fittest for her *Foes*,  
 With fairer Scenes, my *alter'd* Song I close.

For



For tho' a *dire*, 'tis but a *distant* View,  
 Unless the People all turn *Patriots* too :  
 At hand, a *Troop* of pleasing Hopes appear,  
 HARDWICK is on the Bench, and ONSLOW in the Chair,  
 ARGYLE, the Army; WAGER guides the Fleets;  
 And *Equity* herself with TALBOT fits :  
 While great AUGUSTUS fills the shining *Throne*,  
 And thro' *their* Virtues, deals around *his own*.

Here, *Britons*, round your *Prince*, a shining Band,  
 The REAL FATHERS of their Country stand;  
 Or in the *Senate* sit, or, o'er the *Isle*,  
 Unmov'd by *Faction*, at the Clamor smile.  
 Who, to the *Kingdom's* temper'd Maxims true,  
 Still keep its *Constitution* full in View;  
 With equal Fortitude, in each *Extream*,  
 The rushing Tide of *ev'ry* Faction stem.  
 With Pow'r unbounded bid no *Monarch* reign,  
 Nor make as many *Tyrant* Kings as *Men*;

Nor

Nor Prince, nor People, place *above* the Laws ;  
 Nor plead in *Bedford's* \*, nor in *Caleb's* Cause ;  
 Wou'd from *Delusions*, save the erring Croud,  
 And, Spite of *Slander*, dare be truly good ;  
 By wicked Arts court not a Patriot's Fame,  
 But, to preserve the ESSENCE, risque the NAME,  
 Silently *Honest*, yet in *Virtue* strong ;  
 Where, tho' each merits, and might claim my Song,  
 Yet, happy 'tis that, even in *such* an Age,  
 The *fair-fam'd* Roll wou'd far o'er flow my Page,

In *such* repose your Trust, be wise in *Time*,  
 Taught by your *Constitution* and your *Clime* ;  
 Pursue their *Dictates*, and to shun the Rod,  
 Take *Moderation* for your Guardian-God.  
 Nor, to Extreams, by Artifice, betray'd,  
 Reject the *Substance* while you seek the *Shade*.  
 From *little* Errors let not *Rage* arise,  
 But view your *Rulers* with unbiafs'd Eyes :

Shake

\* The Author of a Libel on the Protestant Succession, under the Pretence of proving the *Legal Succession* of the Crown to be unalienably hereditary.



Shake not, *yourself*, your safest Guard, the *Throne* ;  
And, in *its* Enemies, assist your *own*.

Or, while your *Demagogues* pursue their Stroke,  
They'll load your Shoulders with the destin'd *Yoke* ;  
Nor will your hostile *Neighbours* want the Weight,  
Of *Fleets*, or *Armies*, to subdue your STATE :  
In *cheaper* Methods, by your *Folly* shown,  
They'll hire *Sham-Patriots* Pens to WRITE it down.

Trust then to *Pow'r*, where, by *wise* Laws, 'tis plac'd,  
Nor, by *false* Prudence, to *Destruction* haste.  
Let your JUST CHOICE base Calumny defy,  
For your *false* Friends, the *propereſt* Reply ;  
And shew your *foreign* Foes, by Prudence mov'd,  
That, tho' you *grumble*, yet your KING's belov'd.  
Without such *Conduct*, vain are *all* the rest ;  
In vain, with labour'd *Laws*, the Land is blest ;  
In vain, the Coast, your *floating Castles* throng ;  
In vain, the *Senate's* wise, the *Soldier* strong ;  
No *Force* can fence, no *Thought* from Ruin stay,  
That headstrong *People* who themselves betray :

If you, with forward Fleet, will court the *Snare*,  
Or gorge the *Hook*, tho' of the *Bait* 'tis bare,  
In vain AUGUSTUS holds the Regal-Rein,  
And, with your Monarch, WALPOLE wakes in vain.

WALPOLE, the formost of the *loyal Band*  
Who round the Throne, the Nation's *Bulwark*, stand;  
Whose painful Post receives a double Share,  
Of publick *Malice*, as of publick *Care*;  
At *Thee*, the Trust and Target of thy KING,  
Ten thousand *Libels* lift the forky Sting;  
With *honest* Conduct, as *Thou* steer'st aright,  
Cross the loose, flowing, Factions *burning* Spight,  
The hissing *Reptiles*, like the *Brood* that lay,  
On *Lybia's* torrid Sands in *Cato's* way,  
At every Step, their various Venom Shed;  
From the mad *Craftsman*, with his double Head,  
In whom, the *Amphisbæna* \* strange, we see,  
To B \* \* ls *blind Worm*, which he calls a *Bee*,

\* *Serpent*, mention'd by *Lucan*, which, with a Head at each End of its Body, moves it self, opposite Ways, backward and forward.



So CECIL suffer'd, when the *Virgin* reign'd ;  
 HALIFAX so, GODOLPHIN so was stain'd ;  
 Illustrious Chiefs ! who, fast to *Britain's* Throne,  
 Still made their injur'd *Princes* Cause their own ;  
 With manly Sufferance bear the Shafts of *Fame*,  
 The good Man's keenest Smart, an injur'd *Name* :  
 But *Truth* will triumph ! whom the *vulgar* Breath  
 Had libell'd Living, it adores in Death.

*Honest*, like These, and injur'd, like 'em too,  
 Thy Deeds, like *theirs*, the coming Age shall view ;  
 When the *historic* Volume sets to light,  
 The sincere *Statesman*, in his real Light ;  
 (True to his Country's *Liberty* and *Laws*)  
 A Champion first in glorious MARLB'RO's Cause,  
 When half the *Tribe* that now as *Patriots* stand,  
 The *Truncheon* tore from his victorious Hand,  
 And, with a thousand Slanders, flur'd the *Name*  
 That, to the *Roman*, rais'd the *British* Fame.  
 There shows thee, bravely, in *bad Times*, engage,  
 Against a *Party's* most unrighteous Rage ;

(Who, in *ten shameful Months*, made void the Gains  
Of *Ten*, hard-fought, unparallel'd *Campaigns* :)

Among those *shining* Chiefs, a *Name* well known,  
Who brought her BRUNSWICK safe to *Britain's* Throne.

Thence paints thy *Fame*, rising on able Wings  
To share the Toils of *Two* successive KINGS ;  
Tho' with a *Trump* than that of *War* less loud,  
In Notes as justly tun'd to *Publick-good*.

The *real-Fathers* Part, to heal with *Cares*  
The Wounds of *Britain*, bleeding from her Wars ;  
*Wounds*, by her own *degenerate* Sons, increas'd,  
Who left her, tho' *victorious*, not releas'd.

A *silent* Task ! when 'twas *no time* to wield  
The Sword, just sheath'd in a *deserted* Field ;  
Where *half an Age* of, patient, waking, Thought,  
Must cure the *Ills* their fatal Counsels wrought.

Which glorious Course as *you*, Intent, pursue,  
A thousand diff'rent *Dangers* rise to View,  
As many various *Virtues* too appear,  
The mingl'd Crop of each successive Year.

*Rebellions*



*Rebellions* open Force, with Mercy quell'd!  
 Of *secret Plots*, the deepest Maze reveal'd!  
*Nations* combin'd, in dangerous foreign Leagues!  
*Domestick Factions*, link'd in dark Intrigues!  
*Abroad*, at *Home*, their baffl'd Measures broke!  
 And *Victory* obtain'd, without a Stroke!  
 Your Country's *Blood*, and *Treasure*, wisely spar'd!  
 The *Publick Faith*, maintain'd with *just* regard!  
 All *these* perform'd beneath the mighty Weight  
 Of *Fifty Millions* on the groaning State!  
 Which, by *your* Cares, then *vanishing* they'l see!  
 Yet the *Crown* guarded! and the *People* free!  
 Free, even to *Licence*! while *your* temper'd *fire*  
 Smiles on the *Rage* their *Demagogues* inspire!

As *two* just MONARCHS, thus, the *Britons* trace,  
 And see *Thee* chose Companion of the Race,  
 The glorious Scenes survey'd, thro' *all* their Parts,  
 They'l hail your *honest Toils* with grateful Hearts;  
 And treat each little *Libel* with Disdain,  
 Which wou'd, or WALPOLE blot, or blame Great GEORGE's Reign.

Whose

Whose *royal Virtues*, when the Muse would praise,  
Her trembling Pen, smit with their *various* Blaze,  
In Lines *direct* fears to attempt the Theme,  
But takes, at distance, each *reflected* Beam  
From his *just Counsels*, from his *Wisdom* shown  
In *chosen Merits*, to surround the Throne :  
At the *full Splendour* veils her dazzl'd Sight,  
And views HIS Worth thro' Mediums not so bright ;  
Finds *those*, alone, surpass her utmost Force ;  
Nor dares attempt to paint their SHINING SOURCE.

So *human Weakness* reaches but to see,  
In its *fair Works*, Heavens RADIANT MAJESTY.

The E N D.





## ERRATA.

**A**S these Sheets were hurried thro' the Press in three or four Days the Reader is desir'd to excuse some Inaccuracies in the Pointing, and to mend the following, more considerable Errors, which escap'd the Corrector's Eye.

In Page 15 Line the last but one, for *Strolers State* read *Strolers Stag*.

17 Line 2 for *Rabbits* read *Rabbets*.

— 17 for *differently* read *diff'rently*.

24 Line 14 for *Power* read *Pow'r*.

26 Line 10 for *Graet* read *Great*.

27 Line 12 for *Draw-cancer* read *Draw-cansir*.

29 Line 1 for *Calls* read *call*.

33 Line 6 for *S\*\*t* read *S\*\*te*.

38 Line 4 for *S\*\*ts* read *S\*\*tes*.

44 Line 9 for *Permission* read *Permissiion*.

45 Line 6 for *shou'd* read *cou'd*.

ERRATA

A 2 these sheets were printed thro' the press in three or four days  
the Reader is desired to excuse some inaccuracies in the printing  
and to mend the following more considerable errors, which escaped  
the Corrector's Eye.



In Page 15 line 10. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 11. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 12. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 13. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 14. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 15. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 16. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 17. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 18. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 19. for "the" read "a"  
"the" line 20. for "the" read "a"



